

Juice Wrld - Wishing Well

tom:

Intro: C Dm Am F C

Am F C
Waiting for the exhale

[Refrão]

C Dm Am
I can't breathe, I'm waiting for the exhale
F C
Toss my pain with my wishes in a wishing well
C Dm Am
Still no luck, but oh well
F C

I still try even though I know I'm gon' fail
Am
Stress on my shoulders like a anvil
F C
Perky got me itching like a anthill
Am
Drugs killing me softly, Lauryn Hill
F C
Sometimes I don't know how to feel

[Primeira Parte]

C Dm Am
Ring-ring, phone call from depression
F C
You used my past and my memories as a weapon
C Dm Am
On the other line, I talk to addiction, huh
F C
Speaking of the devil, all the drugs, I miss them
Am
This can't be real, is it fiction?
F C
Somethin' feels broke, need to fix it
Am
I cry out for help, do they listen?
F C
I'ma be alone until it's finished
[Pré-Refrão]

Am F
This is the part where I tell you I'm fine, but I'm lying
C
I just don't want you to worry
Am F
This is the part where I take all my feelings and hide 'em
C
'Cause I don't want nobody to hurt me

[Refrão]

C Dm Am

I can't breathe, I'm waiting for the exhale
F C
Toss my pain with my wishes in a wishing well
C Dm Am
Still no luck, but oh well
F C
I still try even though I know I'm gon' fail
Am
Stress on my shoulders like a anvil
F C
Perky got me itching like a anthill
Am
Drugs killing me softly, Lauryn Hill
F C
Sometimes I don't know how to feel

[Segunda Parte]

C Dm Am
Sometimes I don't know how to feel
F
Let's be for real
C Dm
If it wasn't for the pills, I wouldn't be here
Am F C
But if I keep taking these pills, I won't be here, yeah
Am
I just told y'all my secret, yeah

Am
I really think I need them

[Pré-Refrão]

Am F
This is the part where I tell you I'm fine, but I'm lying
C
I just don't want you to worry
Am F
This is the part where I take all my feelings and hide 'em
C
'Cause I don't want nobody to hurt me
[Refrão]

C Dm Am
I can't breathe, I'm waiting for the exhale
F C
Toss my pain with my wishes in a wishing well
C Dm Am
Still no luck, but oh well
F C
I still try even though I know I'm gon' fail
Am
Stress on my shoulders like a anvil
F C
Perky got me itching like a anthill
Am
Drugs killing me softly, Lauryn Hill
F C
Sometimes I don't know how to feel

Acordes

